Thou yet shalt see him leaping with his train
Of fire across the twin-peaked mountain-plain,
Flaming the darkness with his mystic wand,
And great in Hellas,—List and understand,
King Pentheus ! Dream not thou that force is power
Nor, if thou hast a thought, and that thought sour
And sick, oh, dream not thought is wisdom !—Up,
Receive this God to Thebes; pour forth the cup
Of sacrifice, and pray, and wreathe thy brow.
Thou fearest for the damsels ? Think thee now ;
How toucheth this the part of Dionyse
To hold maids pure perforce ? In them it lies.
And their own hearts ; and in the wildest rite
Cometh no stain to her whose heart is white.
Nay, mark me I Thou hast thy joy, when the Gate
Stands thronged, and Pentheus* name is lifted great
And high by Thebes in clamour ; shall not He
Rejoice in his clue meed of majesty ?
Howbeit, this Cadmus whom thou scorn'st arid 1
Will wear His crown, and tread His dances ! Aye,
Our hairs are white, yet shall that dance be trod I
I will not lift mine arm to war with God
For thee nor all thy words. Madness most fell
Is on thee, madness wrought by some dread spell.
But not by spell nor lecchcraft to be cured I

CHORUS.

Grey prophet, worthy of Phoebus is thy word,
And wise in honouring Bromios, our great God*

CADMUS,

My son, right well Teiresias points thy road.
Oh, make thine habitation here with **us,**
Not lonely, against **men's** uses.

Hazardous